
Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten, by the Students of Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

CONTENTS

Frontispiece	Girl's Athletics
Editorial	1
Patience is a virtue	3
Junior Ads	6
Leamington Caves, Bremuda	7
A Kiss	8
The Watchman's Key	9
Dissappointment	15
Society Items	16
Bedtime Stories for the Ambitious	17
The Rugby Squad	21
Athletics	22
Debating Champions	29
Wood Smoke	30
The Teacher	31
College Life	32
Correspondence	36
Alumni — Agriculture	37
Science	38
Faculty Items	39
Humerous	40

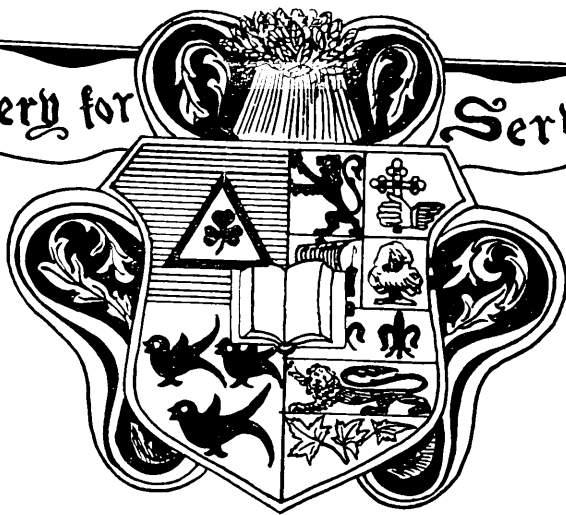
The Macdonald College Magazine is published four times during the College year by the students. Subscription: \$1.50 per year. Address all subscriptions etc., to the Business Manager, all advertising matter to the Advertising Manager, and all matter for publication to the Editor, Macdonald College Magazine, Macdonald College, P. O., P. Q.

REGULATIONS FOR MAGAZINE COPY

1. Whenever possible copy should be typewritten; when this is not possible, large, clear, handwriting should be adopted.
2. All copy should be written (or typed) upon *one* side of the paper *only*. An ample margin should be left at the top and bottom and on either side of the page. Double spacing should be adopted — that is to say alternate lines should be left blank.
3. The pages of the manuscript should be pinned together in the top left-hand corner and then folded lengthwise with the writing inside. On the outside of the folded manuscript — that is to say, on the back of the last page — the author should write his or her name together with the title of the “story” and a rough estimate of the number of words.
4. All words liable to be misread—*e. g.*, proper names, foreign phrases, etc., — should be written in **BLOCK CAPITALS**.
5. Attention is to be paid to mechanical correctness, punctuation and spelling. In order to secure uniformity throughout the magazine, the English form of spelling should be used.— That is to say, the forms “thru,” “askt,” “favor” are to be avoided.
6. Authors who desire their copy to be returned to them after the publication of the magazine should add a note to that effect on the outside of the manuscript. The Editor will only be responsible for manuscripts so labelled.



Mastery for Service.



Vol. XXIII

No. III

Macdonald College Magazine

The Staff

Editorial:

Advisory-Editors: J. West, Ag. '28. V. C. Dawson, Ag. '28.

Editor-in-Chief: N. B. McMaster, Ag. '29.

Assistant Editor: Wm. Ferguson, Ag. '30.

Sub-Editors: J. G. Worden, B.H.S. '28. D. A. Gemmell, Teachers. R. Jack, Ag. '30.

Business:

Manager: L. R. Finlayson, Ag. '29.

Advertising:

Manager: W. H. B. Marshall, Ag. '28; Asst. C. M. Archibald, Ag. '30.

Circulation Manager: W. P. Penny, Ag. '30.

Department Editors:

College Life: R. W. Stuckey, Ag. '28.

Athletics: Miss K. Taylor, Teachers; H. A. Cox, Ag. '31.

Alumni:

Agr. Graduates: E. A. Lods, M. S. A.

Faculty Items:

W. A. Maw, M. S. A.

Proof readers:

J. A. Rayner, Ag. '31.

J. A. Nesbitt, Ag. '31.



THE GIRL'S ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

THE
MACDONALD COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

"MASTERY FOR SERVICE"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XVIII

MARCH-APRIL

No. III



It is with mixed feelings that we take up the Editorial pen to preface our third issue. Tempted on the one hand by the sights and sounds of spring, on the other, we must of necessity turn our minds to 'sterner stuff' ahead of us. In its easy way another college year has all but slipped by, while those fortunates who have weathered the storms of exams, though 'not lost,' have 'gone before' us and we are left to struggle on towards achievement of that elusive 'first class.'

* * *

To the graduating class of the Diploma Course we offer our best wishes for bigger and better successes in their respective careers.

* * *

Since nearly all college activities have now ceased, it would appear to be our duty to give some form of resumé of the year — yet we shrink from doing it, at least in the orthodox way.

To say merely that the year has been successful, is but repetition of what every society or club has reported since time immemorial; to say that it has been unsuccessful would quite justly render us open to conviction for libel. Success is synonymous with achievement and insofar as we are all convinced that we have achieved something, whether it be a 2% rise in exam. results or a good piece of acting in the Assembly Hall, so may we consider the year a success. Certainly in comparison with previous years there would appear to be every reason for mutual congratulation.

* * *

Perhaps the most notable feature of the year has been the smoothness and efficiency of the student machinery. Were we a small-town journalist, we would say that 'nothing has disturbed the even tenor of our way.' The reason for this is not hard to find, how-

ever, the answer being — Seniors. To their best, we know no higher praise. the Senior classes on both sides of the In closing we cannot do better than campus, we, metaphorically speaking, wish them every success in their forthcoming 'finals.' raise our hats. They have given us of

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mr. J. Farrell, Dip. '27, in his recent bereavement.

We extend our most sincere sympathies to Mr. S. M. Walford, Agr. 26', in his sad bereavement.



Patience is a Virtue

*“There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.”*

*Why do we live? what a question to ask
When days are too short, and we tackle our task
Full steam ahead, with high hopes and good health,
Only hard work between success and wealth.
The goal is in sight, there’s no question of fate
If we keep up the fight, working early and late
At a quite early date we may have a brass plate
And lead to the Altar, our life chosen mate.
Or, perhaps we’ll become quite a power in the State
Be requested to take our seat with the great,
And think of the pleasures that we contemplate
When we’ve leisure and treasure at some future date.*

*Two decades have gone by, and still we stagnate,
Checked and held back by inscrutable fate
Less eager to work: so early and late,
We prefer relaxation, we jazz, syncopate,
With relations and others, not too passionate.
We’re inclined to sit back and to contemplate
Leisure and treasure at some future date
Till Hell whispers, list, you can hasten the rate.*

*There’s no question of luck, its sheer nerve and pluck
Plus sound information re state of the nation
Supply and demand, news direct and first hand
Re fate of the crop, for the market will drop
If reports indicate
That the “Bulls” may have erred in their own estimate.
You are clever and shrewd, you do not dissipate
Nothing wrong with the state of your nerves up to date
So why hesitate?
Go! put to the test intuition and fate,
N’er again will you have to work early and late,
And at once you’ll be able to marry your mate.*

*Why do we live? what a question to ask,
 When we've staked all and won, and quitted the past
 With leisure and treasure and pleasure to last
 Till the day when our house-flag is hung at half-mast.
 Why do we live? what a question to ask
 When one has the leisure and treasure to bask
 In sunshine and warmth, and in feminine smiles
 By sea, road or rail, over thousands of miles.*

*In sunshine both summer and winter we travel,
 But here is a problem for you to unravel
 What has become of that measure of pleasure
 Supposed to accompany leisure and treasure?
 Has it fallen behind in the race?
 Or has happiness taken its place?
 No! pleasure has fled with excitement intense
 These two are now wed, we must follow them hence,
 For they'll only be found where the gamblers abound
 In a state of suspense with their brokers around.
 Why do we live? What a question to ask,
 Of gambler that's smashed; his face like a mask.*

*Life holds small hope, we must take up the task
 Of making ends meet, and refrain from the flask,
 Though deprived of all comforts attending on wealth,
 Broken in spirit, and broken in health.
 What a life of illusion we find we have spent,
 Our energies mental and physical bent,
 In piling up treasure, to quicken up leisure,
 Thinking therein was the secret of pleasure.
 What of this pleasure so eagerly sought?
 Has it turned out to be quite what we thought?
 Do we find that we've fought, but too dearly bought,
 Since the happiness gained; has been nearly nought?*

*Why do we live? the answer is near,
 We live because life is to most of us dear,
 Though why it is dear, is not always clear,
 Except that we mostly regard death with fear.
 For many there are who do not want to live,
 But yet they hold back from the alternative
 Unless its a matter of death or disgrace
 And the victim elects the former to face.
 Yet many there are who are willing to die
 Quite ready to quit with a final good-bye,
 But Conscience forbids, and threatens us Hell
 Unless Fate herself lets us slip from our shell.*

*So Hope everlasting, is in each of us placed
As a star of support when in pain, or disgraced.
This Hope is for what? let us realize this,
That behind all our hopes, our main object is bliss,
Or in everyday language; just mere happiness,
This Hope is the mainspring of life you'll confess.
The more we give out, the more we receive,
This is a law that we have to believe,
To be happy ourselves we must make others so,
Help the downhearted, and soften their blow.*

*Why do we live? the reply is above,
'Tis for mutual happiness founded in love,
(Assisted by leisure and excellent health
But by no means dependent on pleasure or wealth)*

J. E. D.



Every man seeks for truth; but God
only knows who has found it.

- Chesterfied.





JUNIOR ADMINISTRATION COURSE

Leaming Caves, Bermuda

E.T.B.

The hot and enervating rays of a bright tropical sun beat down on the back of our sweating, but still active, little steed, as the small four-wheeled chaise rolled up before the sign 'Leamington Caves' and stopped with a jar.

With that interest in every little detail peculiar to the tourist intent on seeing all that will leave its impression on his brain, we alighted from our carriage and wandered slowly over towards the guide's small lodge.

Our guide led us up to a dark opening in the earth, and the nearer we approached, the more thrilled we became with expectant excitement. As we passed the door which was to open to us the mysterious machinations of nature in the interior of the earth, our impressions changed. A hushed silence prevailed; the twittering of the birds, the rustling of the leaves in the summer breeze, the faint hum of insects winging their way from flower to flower in keen pursuit of their daily food, were all excluded from our senses.

The shadowy gloom, lit only partially by a weak electric bulb, and the dead earthly smell of the green moss lining the rough calcareous walls, all assisted in creating in our minds the impression of the mysterious unreal. As our eyes gradually accommodated themselves to this dimness we began feeling and winding our way uncertainly towards the middle of the earth. Suddenly, with no warning from our guide, as we mounted a few roughly hewn steps in the soft limestone and turned

a corner in the dark tunnel, a blaze of light struck our surprised and unexpectant eyes.

At first, there was nothing but a shimmering brightness, and then gradually we began to feast our eyes upon the marvellous in nature. We were in an immense chamber, the vastness of which we seemed to feel. The cave, with innumerable stalactites of varying lengths hanging from the roof, their whiteness dazzling in the artificial light, resembled a cabaret hall adorned with ribbons steaming from the ceiling.

Here and there dotted about in this vast chamber, and separated from each other by massive columns of stalagmites, little pools of blue quiet water broke the massive rockiness of the cave bottom. The stalactites and stalagmites have fashioned themselves into the most wonderful images and likenesses of things real. First, our attention is drawn to the 'Angel'—a life-sized sculpture of an angel with wings outspread, standing in the middle of a clear pool of water,—a piece of statuary, modelled by nature, which any sculptor would be proud of as a work of art and skilled workmanship. The wings, white as purest marble, show not a single grain ruffling their smoothness.

Next we came to the 'King's Palace'—a miniature palace, its numerous spires, domes, battlements and balustrades shedding their light on the water around.

From chamber to chamber we pass-

ed; stalactites hanging threadlike to a depth of forty feet below us, all held distance of fifteen feet, figures of ali- us thrilled in their beauty, and loath gators with mouths gaping at us, mas- were we to leave this close communion sive columns of rock and the clear with God and unreality for the very pools of water lying sometimes to a real above us.

“*A Kiss*”

By

AUSTIN DOBSON

*She kissed me to-day;
 Will she kisse me to-morrow?
 Let it be as it may,
 She kissed me to-day
 But the pleasure gives way
 To a savour of sorrow;—
 She kissed me to-day,—
 Will she kiss me to-morrow?*

(How about it “Mac” fussers?)



"The Watchman's Key"

Fenton Smith was reading an account of a Wall Street robbery in the morning paper. So engrossed was he in his paper, that the ringing of the telephone at his elbow made him jump suddenly.

He laid the paper on the table, and reached for the phone.

"Hallo!" came a voice over the wire "is that Fenton Smith?"

"Yes, speaking."

"This is Robert Mansfield. I suppose you have read the account of the robbery in the paper?"

"Yes, I was just reading it as you rang. What can I do for you?"

"Can you come over at once? The police are of course working on the case now, but I'm afraid that I have little faith in their ability."

Smith thought for a moment. He had only just the evening before accepted an invitation for a week's hunting in Canada.

"I will see you at ten," he finally said, "although I don't promise you that I shall take the case. I have been very busy lately and am badly in need of a rest."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Smith. I'll expect you at ten. Good-bye."

Smith hung up the receiver and leaned back in his chair.

He was a man of about thirty years of age, well built, with a strong yet handsome face, despite the fact that he looked tired and over-worked.

As he sat in his chair his eyes fell on the head of a deer that he had shot last year, and he was in the act of phoning Mansfield to tell him that he could not take the case, when the telephone rang again.

"Hallo! Is that Fenton?"

"Yes! Is that Bob?"

"Yes! I'm afraid I've some bad news for you. Our hunting trip will have to be called off for a week, perhaps altogether."

"That's all right Bob," replied Smith. "I'm awfully disappointed, because you know how I enjoy shooting, but I have just got another job, the Mansfield robbery. By the way, can you come over and see me to-night? If you're not busy I may have a little work for you?"

"Right-o old man. I'll be over at about eight o'clock, although I think you really ought to take a rest. Good-bye for now."

Promptly at ten o'clock, Smith handed his card to the office boy at Robert Mansfield's Stock Broker.

He was told that Mr. Mansfield was busy, but would see him in a few minutes.

While he was waiting Smith made a careful study of the area around the vault.

Ten minutes later, a man came out of Mansfield's office.

"Morning Smith," he said, "Are you working on this case too? Nothing very difficult, evidence all points to one man."

"Yes?" was all that Smith replied, and walked into Mr. Mansfield's office.

Robert Mansfield was a man of about fifty-five years of age, quite corpulent, and an ordinary successful Wall Street broker.

"Ah! Good morning, Mr. Smith," said Mansfield, looking up as Smith entered. "It's awfully good of you to come around. The evidence seems pretty conclusive, and points to Daw-

son, my chief clerk, and yet I can't believe that he is guilty.

Wilson from police headquarters, who I suppose you met as you came in, is going now to arrest Dawson."

"I have read the accounts in the papers, but could you give me the facts of the case, Mr. Mansfield? Newspaper accounts are often misleading."

"Certainly," replied Mansfield. "Our watchman's clock system is connected with the Protective Service Agency, and also with an alarm bell outside the building. If any clock in the building is not punched within five minutes of the correct time, the bell outside rings to call the police on this beat, and men are sent over from the Agency to investigate."

"At 10.35 last night one of the clocks was not punched. The policeman on duty and the men from the Agency arrived about the same time, to find the night watchman dead under one of the tables near the vault."

"I was at once notified, and arrived at about 11.30."

"Grey had been hit over the head with a heavy object, and evidently died instantly."

"When I arrived, the police were waiting for me to open the vault, on the dials of which they had found finger prints. I opened the vault and found that \$10,000 worth of negotiable bonds had been stolen, together with about \$350 in cash."

"On notifying the watchman's family, the police found that at about 10.20 last night, his son who always left his father's supper in the basement for him, had seen Dawson enter the building, just as he left."

"Dawson was visited by the police early this morning and admitted entering the building at that hour. His finger prints were taken, and Wilson was just in to tell me that they cor-

respond to the ones on the combination dials of the vault. Wilson is now off to arrest Dawson on a charge of theft and murder."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Mansfield," said Smith as Mansfield finished. "And now, if you don't mind, will you answer a few questions?"

"Mansfield signified his consent, lit a cigar and leaned back in the chair."

"First of all," began Smith. "Who, besides yourself, know the combination of the vault?"

"Dawson and Thompson."

"Who is Thompson, and what is his character?" inquired Smith.

"Thompson is my accountant and a very trustworthy man. Both he and Dawson have been with me for a number of years, and I cannot imagine either of them doing such a thing."

"And now can you give me the order of punching clocks in here, and immediately after, with the times for each one, on the ten o'clock round?"

Mansfield thought for a moment.

"The clock in this room, over there by my own safe, is punched at 10.15."

"Pardon me interrupting," broke in Smith, "but was that safe touched?"

"No!"

"And does anyone besides yourself know the combination?"

"No."

"Thank you. Please go on."

"The clock near the vault, in the next room, is then punched," continued Mansfield. "That is about 10.20. As that is the last clock on this floor, the next clock is not punched until 10.30, up on the next floor."

Smith seemed quite satisfied, and, picking up his hat and coat, started for the door.

"The body of the watchman is at the morgue I suppose, and by this time Dawson will be at the police station?" asked Smith as he opened the door.

"I suppose so," replied Mr. Mansfield. "If I can be of any further help please let me know."

"Thank you very much. Ah, by the way, what is Dawson's address?"

"796 East 26th. St."

"Thank you. Good morning."

Smith's first act after leaving Mansfield was to visit his friend, Bob Mitchell. Bob was instructed to find out the best way he could how Dawson was situated financially, and let Smith know when he came around after supper.

From there Smith went to the police station to visit Dawson. Here he met Wilson again who let him know, in no uncertain terms, that he was merely wasting his time on the case and that Dawson was guilty.

"If you can clear Dawson," laughed Wilson, "I'm the chief of police."

"You never can tell," replied Smith. "Remember the Langlois Jewelry Case?"

Wilson at once shut up, remembering only too well how foolish Smith had made him look on that occasion.

Smith then went in to see Dawson, whom he found to be in a state of absolute distraction. He was a fairly tall, thin man of about Smith's own age, and quite a meak sort of individual.

Smith told him that he was trying to help him and asked him to tell his own story.

"My wife and I were to leave on our holidays this morning. Before I could go, however, I had certain work that I had to finish at the office. At five o'clock last night I still had about three or four hour's work to do, and so, instead of staying at the office to do it, I took it home so that my wife would not be alone, as she is rather nervous.

"I finished about half past nine and took my work back to the office. As I entered the building at about

11.20, I met Jack, the watchman's son. I went upstairs to the office, put the papers in the vault, closed it and came home again.

"I knew nothing of the robbery until the police came around this morning before breakfast. And that's the truth, Mr. Smith."

After asking him a few questions, Smith left, assuring him that everything would be done to help him.

Smith next called on the doctor that had been called in to examine Grey. From him he found that as Mansfield had said, Grey had been killed by a blow from some heavy object, probable the butt of a revolver.

"Can you tell me," asked Smith, "about what time Grey was killed?"

"I cannot tell definitely, but I should imagine about 10.15 or thereabouts. I arrived at 11.15 and he had then been dead about an hour."

Smith appeared quite satisfied and bade him good day.

He next visited the morgue and made a thorough examination of the dead watchman, taking away with him something in a silk handkerchief.

Smith was just finishing supper when Bob Mitchell came to report on his work. He had found that Mrs. Dawson was rather an extravagant wife with a great liking for expensive clothes, resulting in their owing money to the butcher, grocer and Mrs. Dawson's milliner.

"Did you see Mrs. Dawson personally?"

"Yes, although she was in such a nervous state that I could get nothing very coherent out of her."

"Did she give you her account of her husband's doings last night?"

"Yes."

Smith then heard the same story that Dawson had told him, making it perfectly clear that Dawson was either

innocent or else he had planned the whole thing with great thoroughness.

"Well, nothing more can be done tonight. How about a show, Bob?"

"Fine, I have two tickets for the Follies. Would you care to take them in?"

"Anything suits me. Wait here a minute while I wrap up a little parcel that I have to send to police headquarters and I'll be with you in a jiffy."

On their way to the show they dropped in at police headquarters and left a little parcel and a letter, with strict instructions that it should receive immediate attention.

"That little parcel," said Smith as they got back into the taxi, "will either prove Dawson's innocence, or else send him to the chair."

Bob was on the verge of inquiring as to its contents, but stopped himself, realizing that Smith derived a great deal of delight in arousing people's curiosity.

"Can you come around here at about twenty to ten tomorrow morning?" asked Smith, as they said good-bye later that evening. "I have an appointment with Mansfield, and I should like you to be there."

"O.K.. I'll be there. Good night old man."

When Bob called for Smith next morning he found him ready with his hat and coat on and a taxi waiting at the door.

They were just approaching the building in which Mansfield had his office, when Smith clutched Bob's arm.

"Do you see that police car outside Mansfield's office? That means that Dawson is innocent."

On entering Mansfield's office they found Dawson between two plainclothes men, together with another man.

"Then everything was just as I expected?" asked Smith, addressing the latter.

"Just as you expected, Mr. Smith."

"I want Dawson to come inside with me now," continued Smith. "I will call you three when I am ready."

When the three entered Mansfield's private office, Mr. Mansfield was dictating a letter.

"Good morning gentlemen. I shall be ready in a minute if you will just sit down."

He finished his letter and dismissed his stenographer.

"Mr. Mansfield," began Smith, as the stenographer left the room, "this is Mr. Robert Mitchell, who has helped me in many cases. I have asked him to come as a sort of witness. And now if you will call Mr. Thompson, I am ready to begin."

Mansfield pressed a button in reply to which Mr. Thompson himself came in.

"Mr. Thompson, this is Mr. Smith whom I asked to look into this case, as I couldn't bring myself to believe that the robbery was committed by anyone in my office."

Smith then asked them all to sit down and ask no questions until he had finished.

"As soon as I examined the combination of the vault, I realized that only a person familiar with the combination could open the vault by any other means than force. This meant that either one of you three gentlemen committed crime, or else had given the combination to somebody else.

"While waiting to see Mr. Mansfield yesterday, I made a careful study of the area around the vault. The floor and the vault itself gave me nothing, but on examining the punch clock on the wall I found something that proved to be of vital importance.

"As you know, the punch clock consists of a metal box on the wall into which a key is inserted. This key is

turned and the time is punched on a chart in the basement.

"This, of course, you know. There is another point, however, with which you are perhaps not so familiar. The key used is a double sided one, one side of which is a little longer than the other. On examining the punch box, which is either new or freshly painted, I found a scratch just above the slit on the shorter side, as if the key had been inserted upside down. This at once led me to believe that the clock had been punched by somebody unfamiliar with the key.

"After leaving here, I went to see Dawson, and heard his story, with which you are all familiar.

"I then went to the doctor who examined Grey and found out from him that Grey had been murdered at about 10.15. This seemed to clear Dawson as he did not enter the building until 10.20, but of course it was nothing conclusive as the doctor might have been mistaken.

"After leaving the doctor I went to the morgue and saw Grey's body. There I made a thorough examination of everything that he had on, and found on the punch clock key finger prints I took a rough impression of his finger prints and compared them with the ones on the key.

"I could see that they were not the same, but, to make sure. I took the key to police headquarters, asking them to take a careful impression of them and compare them with Grey's and Dawson's. If they were Dawson's they were to phone me here at ten o'clock, as that would conclusively prove his guilt. If they were not his, I asked them to bring him here at ten o'clock, together with the finger prints and a finger print expert.

"I am now going to ask Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Thompson to have their

finger prints taken, as it is quite obvious that the crime was committed by someone that knew the combination of the vault, and the movements of the watchman.

"Bob, will you please ask the three men outside to come in now?"

Bob left the room and returned a moment later with the three men from police headquarters.

"Mr. Bertrand," said Smith, "you have with you impressions of the finger prints found on the key belonging to Grey. Will you now take an impression of Mr. Mansfield's and Mr. Thompson's fingers and tell me if either of them correspond to the ones found on Grey's key."

Bertrand took out paper and ink, and after a few minutes obtained clear finger prints from both Mansfield and Thompson. These, together with the impressions of the finger prints found on the key, he took to the window and studied them carefully with a lens. After a moment or two's careful examination he returned to the table.

"Without a shadow of a doubt," he said addressing Smith, "the finger prints on the watchman's key are those of Mr. Thompson."

For a moment there was dead silence, nobody knowing just what to say.

Then everybody turned to Thompson, who had sunk into a chair and was holding his head in his hands.

"Yes, I did it," he moaned as if he felt that everybody was looking at him and expected him to say something.

"I have been playing the markets just lately and have had a spell of bad luck," he continued jerkily. "I needed \$10,000 to cover a transaction. I came here at about ten o'clock, opened the vault, took out the money and bonds, and was just closing it again when Grey entered. I hid behind a desk as he

passed into the room, and while he was here I closed the vault and took off the rubber gloves I had worn to open the vault. When he came to punch the clock near the vault I hid behind a letter file and hit him over the head with a revolver as he passed. But God knows I didn't mean to kill him."

Here he paused for a little while, as if trying to pull himself together.

"I knew that in five minutes the alarm bell outside would ring, so I took Grey's key and punched the clock, never thinking of putting on my rubber gloves. You were right about this key; I did put it in upside down at first. After I punched the clock I hid Grey under a table and beat it. I saw Dawson on the second floor and hid in a doorway while he passed."

As he finished, he buried his head once more in his hands.

Nobody spoke as the two plainclothes

men came forward, touched him on the shoulder and led him out of the room.

The door had hardly closed behind the four men before Dawson had grasped Smith's hand and commenced thanking him.

"I am sincerely grateful to you Mr. Smith," interrupted Mansfield. "I trusted both Dawson and Thompson and am sorry to see either of them break that trust. I am naturally glad, however, that the guilt has been placed on the right man."

"Well Bob," said Smith as they drove home, "that makes one more ease for my collection. As the hunting is off, how about coming down to Atlantic City with me for a few days? I must have a rest and would enjoy your company."

"Thanks Fenton, I'd like to. When do you want to go?"

"First train this afternoon."

Macdonald Currie

*Does a BUNTING QUAYLE
When it spies the HAWKES
Swooping in a GALE
Blowing from the NORTH?
Or, lying STARKE with terror
Does it refuse to BUDGE?
CRAMPTON its NESS(T) of feather,
Watching the hungry MAW
And terrible open claw
Brushing the clumps of heather.*

Disappointment

*To my mail box do I wander,
Peering to see what is in it.
Letter from the Great Big Chief
Or a little card named Parcel?*

*High leaps up my heart in wonder
For I am not disappointed.
Glories of the unexpected!
All wrapped up in nice brown paper!*

*Hurriedly I ope the mail box
Take therefrom the precious parcel,
Wondering joyfully what's in it
And just who it did all come from.*

*By the writing do I know it.
Dear old Auntie once again has
Very thoughtful of her niece been,
And I'm good for many candies.*

*So at last I reach my bedroom,
Gone the room mates, thanks to heaven!
Open quick the precious parcel,
Box of chocolates, OH, how lovely!*

*But I first must read the letter
Ere I open up the cover;
For lack of appreciation
Would not kind be to dear Auntie,*

*Dear Noami starts the letter,
'Hear you are not feeling well dear,
So I took out many candies
To make room for goodly PHYSIC.*

*Knowing it will make you feel dear
Right full of that 'Kruschen feeling,
And the studies seem more cheerful
Aiding thus ex-am-in-at-ions.*

*Straight away then do I muster,
All of my vo-cab-u-lary
For a proper exclamation
Suitable for the occasion.*

*But alas! I am unable,
To express my own deep feeling,
So satisfy myself with thinking
Thoughts, that lie too deep for wording.*

*Ah, how right the prophet bard was
When he mused, anticipation
'Better' is than! oh, how often,
'Bitter' fruits of realization.*

Society Items

The Prince of Wales continues to enjoy perfect health, and it is understood that he will not take the waters at St. Annes this year.

The Lady Rustle has been slightly indisposed recently but has continued in engage in tintinnabulation—her favourite sport—and has been a prominent figure in the most fashionable foyers throughout the season.

The Maharajah of Nubarnadir has shown much interest in college activities whilst watering here, and has been credited with a particularly keen eye for lambs.

I hear from a very reliable source that there is no truth in the rumour that the Hon. Horace Greg-Loos has taken The Mushroom at Hudson Bay for the summer. From the same source comes the not surprising information that Sir Fraser PSmith-Moray will probably take The Mushroom if his many activities will allow him to take a holiday.

Yesterday I ran across Archdeacon Layered who is taking a well-earned

rest. In spite of the cruel hand of Time the Archdeacon still retains much of his youthful figure and all his remarkable energy. He sang me the praises of fussing, a pastime which has absorbed his leisure hours for many years, and to which he declares he owes all his success.

It is said that Mr. Finn, President of Kownslé, has insured his whiskers for a fabulous sum. Personally, I am inclined to believe the gossips as they are certainly a particularly fine pair, although perhaps lacking a little of the *je ne sais quoi* which has made Sir Page Emm's mustachios so justly famous.

The visit of King Earake of Safamoor calls to mind the many heroic encounters in which he and his subjects have been engaged. The King's visit is rumoured to be in connection with the National Debt, which was so much increased by his recent storming of the citadel at Kampas. During the summer the King will devote himself to experimental agriculture, but he means to revisit Ste. Annes in the autumn and will probably winter here.—J.A.R.

Dancing is in itself a very trifling, silly thing; but it is one of those established follies to which the people of sense are sometimes obliged to conform.

Chesterfied.

Bedtime Stories for the Ambitious

By NORRIS HODGINS

1. The Preacher Who Prospered

When last I had seen him, some half dozen years ago, Hezekiah Smelt was pastor of a small but indigent congregation of moonshiners at Hogsback, Kentucky. His elbows were frayed, he was using a second-hand sermon, and he confessed to me that he hadn't had a bath in four years.

Fancy, then, my surprise and delight when a finely dressed and extremely prosperous looking gentleman approached me last night at the Ambassadors' Ball and announced himself as none other than my Kentuckian friend, the Reverend Smelt. For the moment I could not credit his statement. A Count or a Grand Duke from one of those European Monarchies, I had decided—when first I had caught sight of him headed in my direction, wreathed in smiles and whiskers of a most exclusive cut—come, most likely, to borrow my shirt studs or something. But when my visitor waved away an insistent page boy with a bank note, the denomination of which must have made Hezekiah's late lamented father sit up in his grave and howl, I knew that I spoke with no European. So I went with him readily enough to a quiet spot in the library, and listened to his story.

It seems that things had gradually gone from bad to worse for Hezekiah, after the time of my last visit to Hogsback, and then from worse to worst. Hezekiah was getting somewhat discouraged. Other men who had belonged to the same theological class with him at college were now occupying cushioned seats in the pulpits of expensive

churches on Fifth and Other Avenues—while the Reverend Hezekiah collected half pence at Hogsback.

The trouble with Hezekiah, although he didn't know it at the time, was that his memory was inefficient. The first thing he always did with anything was to forget it. He never seemed to be able to remember what day of the week any given Sunday fell upon. He frequently turned up for service in the pulpit of the wrong church, and he almost invariably forgot his text before he was half-way through his sermon.

Then one day a travelling salesman, finding himself marooned in Hogsback through muddy roads, dropped into Hezekiah's church in the hope of whiling away an idle hour, and found the place in an uproar. Hezekiah, in a fit of abstraction, had buried a bashful bachelor who had merely wished to be wed, and the friends of the unfortunate young man were seeking revenge. As it happened, this drummer had a roving commission from the Belman Institute, so he hustled the preacher out through the vestry, and in the privacy of the parsonage explained to him some of the advantages of a course in memory training. Perhaps, indeed, he told his victim all the advantages of such a course. I have myself met drummers who would not shrink from telling all the advantages of their goods. In any case, Hezekiah added another to the list of names of famous folk who endorse this particular *ism*.

About fifteen minutes after he had mailed his application for enrolment, said Hezekiah, he received a call to a

mission field in Formosa. By the time he had finished his sixth lesson congregations in Boston were wiring him. And for the last six months before the Ball, the Reverend Hezekiah Smelt had been reluctantly forced to turn away each evening from his tabernacle on Broadway thousands of souls, each of whom meant an extra two-bits in the collection plate. He never forgot a text now, he said. In fact he had become a Modernist, he told me, and so had no further need of the troublesome things.

2. Five Feet From Success

Another remarkable story that has recently come to my attention is that of Augustus Bikerdike, for many years employed as third assistant janitor in the Farmers' and Drovers' Bank, at Stover, Iowa. Bikerdike had a large family and a small garden somewhere in the suburbs and, like so many other thoughtless young men, he wasted his evenings in spraying the potatoes or in minding the children. The net result was, of course, stagnation.

From his nailkeg before the furnace in the basement of the bank he could see other janitors going upward and downward from success to success—filling important executive positions, and acting as advisors to large and wealthy corporations. It was all very puzzling to Augustus, who never stopped to reflect that these men had trained themselves during their evenings in Salesmanship, Business, Spanish, Blue Print Reading, Mathematics, and Pharmacy.

But one day as he glanced through the pages of a magazine that had come down in The Chief's waste paper basket, Augustus noticed an advertisement of the Nonsuch Five Foot Shelf of Books, "Ah ha!" he said to himself, "Ah ha!" Likewise Eureka! Why

didn't I think of this sooner?" And seizing a pair of manicure scissors from their peg on the furnace door, he cut out the coupon and mailed it at once to the publishers.

Three days later the postman delivered at the tradesmen's entrance to the Bikerdike residence what the neighbors took to be a case of Canadian Club Whiskey—but what was in reality of even greater worth to Augustus than a dozen quarts. For it was to be the pivot upon which the lives of the Bikerdikes throughout countless generations—past, present, and future,—were to turn. In short, it was the Five Foot Shelf of Books.

What with the demands made upon his time by his babies and his bugs, Augustus was at first somewhat dubious as to his ability to get through sixty inches of solid reading matter in time really to be able to enjoy the promised promotions—but he started bravely in, reading an inch and a half each morning while shaving.

Scarcely had Bikerdike finished the first thirteen inches of his set when he was called into the President's office and informed that he had been given charge of the Credit Department—at a salary of such proportions that the mere telling of it might too greatly strain my carefully builded reputation for veracity. At the end of forty-one inches he had his second call to the President's office—but this time he was told to stay there. In other words, this studious stoker was made chief executive of the institution. And today with only three inches to go, he finds himself on the lists of the Boards of Directors of a confusingly large number of influential financial establishments, and Chairman of one of the most successful chewing gum trusts in America.

3. The Late Starter

Which reminds me of a chap who very nearly never arrived. For forty-three years Jim Barnes had sat in the same general office on the same high stool, before the same high desk, copying the same neat figures into the same big book. Other spectacled book-keepers worked at other desks in the same room—but not for long. One by one they disappeared through opaque class doors that opened into private offices with blonde stenographers, mahogany desks, and sanitary water coolers. When they reached these desks their salaries were increased to six thousand dollars a year.

Jim drew eight dollars a week.

Sometimes Barnes was puzzled. It seemed strange that all six thousand dollar opportunities (with their accompanying blondes and water coolers) were offered to the other men.

Then he met J. Hemsley Jones.

Jones was a successful business man. You could see that by the cut of his spectacles. He was president of many trusts, and owned well-stocked cellars in New York, Paris, and Yonkers, Mo. He had the customary square jaw and gimlet eye, and like all **great executives**, he talked straight from the shoulder.*

"Jim," he said earnestly, as the two men sat sipping their coffee and liquors at the club one night, "the trouble with you is that you have fallen into a rut. You don't get anywhere, simply because you don't deserve success. You've never trained yourself for larger responsibilities—never studied etiquette, nor learned to talk convincingly. You've never"

"But what can I do?" asked Jim helplessly. "I have three wives and fourteen children to support, counting alimony. Last week I celebrated my fifty-third birthday. I have lost practically all my teeth, and am too old to take chances."

"Too old?" screamed Jones, dashing his stogie against the wall. "Why, man, if anything you're too young."

"At thirty-five Henry Ford was working in the Edison Factory for \$150 a month. At forty-eight Walt Mason was mending umbrellas at Sacramento for thirty cents a day, paper money. At seventy-two Diogenes was building the first apartment house known to humanity and so he went on with his outline of history—DeMorgan, Foch, Methuselah,—all apparently had been old codgers before they got into their stride.

"Success wasn't handed to these men on a silver bon-bon dish," he said. "It came by mail—in the form of diplomas from various correspondence schools."

The upshot of it all was that Jim Barnes clipped the first magazine coupon he came across, and mailed it. As it happened this particular coupon was for a system of saxophone playing in ten lessons, without the worry of scales, notes or music.

But the subject of the course is neither here nor there. A few minutes each evening after supper for two weeks—and Jim Barnes found himself in one of the glazed offices, behind a mahogany desk with a plate glass top, a stenographer on his one hand and a water cooler on the other.

Needless to say, his salary was at once increased to six thousand dollars.

*Note: This allowed him the free use of his mouth for proper mastication of the stogie that he invariably chewed.

4. The Most Successful Student

But it is not always necessary for one to become head of a great organization in order to achieve success—although it must be admitted that presidents are rarely poor. One of the most successful men I've ever met is a student.

Rufus Spivens was always remarkably alert to the knockings of opportunity. As a boy he was considered particularly smart at school, and his teachers predicted a brilliant future for him. Now that he spatters them with mud as he rides past in his Rolls-Royce, on his way to the ball park,

they say, "I told you so," and feel proud that they had something to do with laying the foundations for his success. But it is to only a few of his intimate friends that Rufus has ever divulged the nature of his successful enterprise.

Yet his secret is a simple one. Some years ago, whilst looking up courses offered by correspondence schools, Rufus came across this statement:

"Every hour I spent on my X. Y. Z. Course has been worth \$95 to me!"

—Yes, Clarence, you have guessed it. Rufe has simply gone on, year after year, taking courses by correspondence —at ninety-five dollars an hour.

MORAL: It takes an active man to
dodge success these days.

Let Him Know it

*When a fellow pleases you,
Let him know it.
It's a simple thing to do —
Let him know it.
Can't you give the scheme a trial?
It is sure to bring a smile,
And that makes it worth the while —
Let him know it.*

*You are pleased when anyone
Lets you know it.
When the man who thinks "Well done!"
Lets you know it.
For it gives you added zest
To bring out your very best —
Just because some mortal blest
Lets you know it.*

*When a fellow pleases you,
Let him know it.
Why it isn't much to do —
Let him know it.
It will help him in the fray,
And he'll think his efforts pay;
If you like his work or way,
Let him know it.*



THE RUGBY



Basketball

The basketball team finished a very successful year by defeating the All Saints from Montreal in a very closely contested game, the final score was; All Saints....23, Mac.....27.

Due to some misunderstanding the Commerce '30 basketball team arrived the same day and the Macdonald boys fresh from their victory over the All Saints decided that they would play Commerce as well. They had only a short time for a rest then returned to the floor and in an uninteresting game trounced Commerce. When the final whistle blew the score was found to be Commerce....10, Mac....30. After playing these two games in the same afternoon, with only a short time for a rest between them, it was a tired but well pleased team that left the floor after the final game.

On Thursday the 12th of April the Boys' basketball team marched across

the campus to play the Girls' basketball team. It was a wonderful game, full of thrills from start to finish. Some of the boys used what little weight they had to some advantage on more than one occasion. The referee had some difficulty in keeping his eye on some of the by-plays. Our two little players Tanlae Johnson and Mac Cuish had quite a hard time of it. They were bumped around something terrible but by some means or other they managed to survive. However, even though the boys were treated so roughly they still managed to pull down a victory with a score of 28 to 18.

The boys basketball team can lay claim this year to a good record, not having been defeated once on their own floor. We hope that next year the team will not only be able to keep this up but will be able to carry their winning ability into the enemies' camps.



MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM

Hockey

Senior Hockey

The college hockey team played their last game of the league on Tuesday 21st of February against the Garden City team after having played a tie game the night before with the Indians' team. The game however was fast throughout the whole playing time. The College took the lead early in the first period and at one time during the game the score was 3 to 1 for the College. Somewhat tired from their game the night before the College team seemed to drag a little in the last period and the Garden City team putting all they had into the last few minutes of play managed to net three goals to clinch the game. With about five minutes to go Macdonald put on a last spurt to catch up and although the Garden City goaltender was peppered from all angles yet they failed to score. The game ended with the score, Garden City....4, Mac....3.

The College Hockey Team played the Old Boys on Saturday February 25th and defeated them by a score of 2 to 1. The game was fast and clean throughout. At one time during the game it

looked as if the Old Boys were going to hold the score at 1 to 0. The College team however about half-way through the third period got two goals in quick succession to give them the game. Nesbitt and Stowe scored for the College with Wally Walker scoring for the Old Boys.

On Saturday March 3rd the Hudson Heights played the Macdonald team on the College rink and the College team managed to turn the tables on them by defeating them with a score of 2 to 1. This evened up matters since the College lost at Hudson by a score of 3 to 2. The ice was a bit rough for playing but the game proved to be clean and interesting at all times.

The College Hockey team completed a very successful year although they only won five out of the fourteen games that they played. They always managed to make the games which they lost hard ones for their opponents to win. It is to be hoped that the team next year will do even better and win the league.

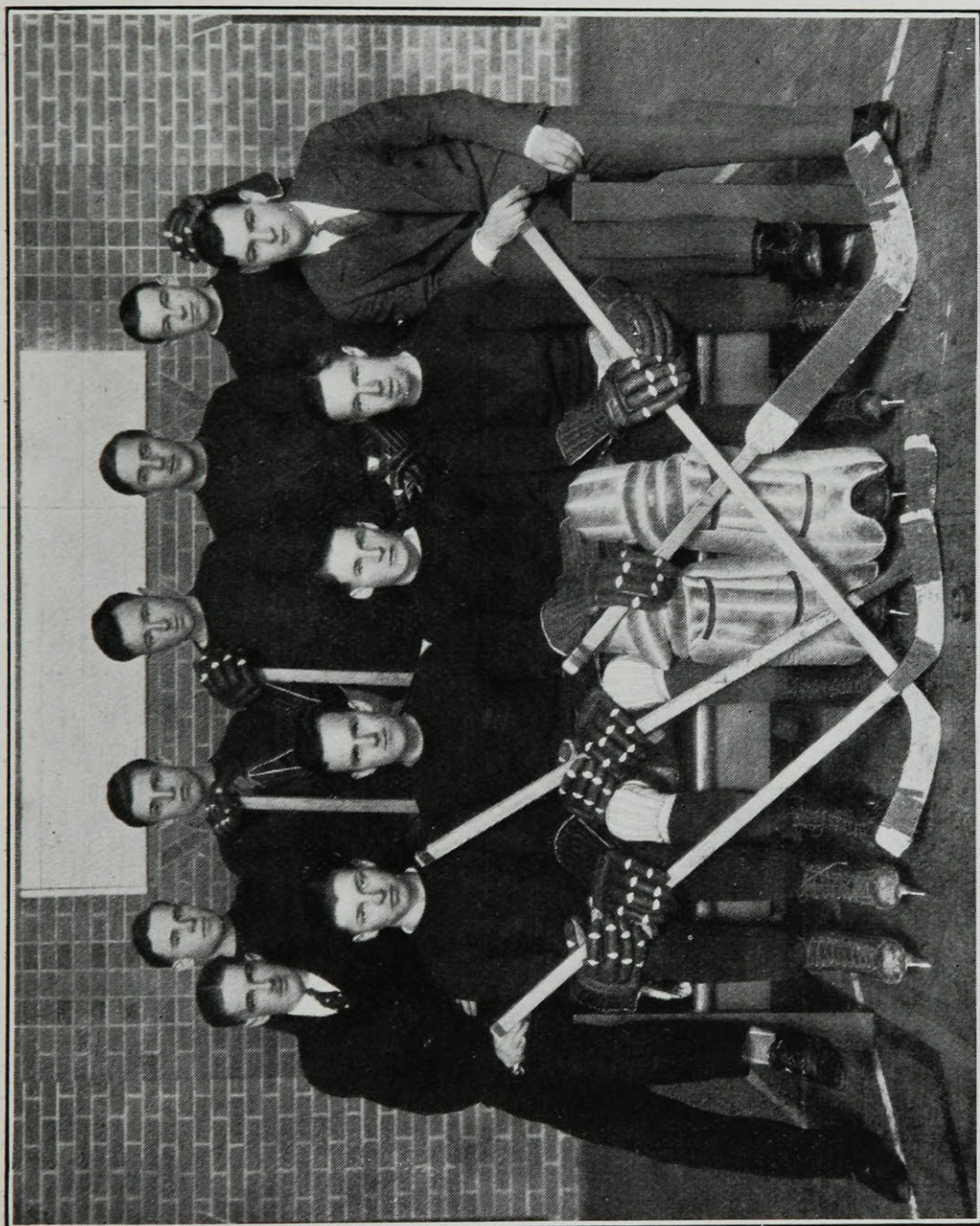
Interclass Hockey

In the second game of the semi finals the Sophomores defeated the Teachers by a score of 3 to 2. The game was hard fought throughout and the score at the end of the first period stood at 2 to 0 for the Teachers. However the Sophs managed to get going in the next two periods and secured three goals thus winning the right to enter the finals.

In the third game of the semi finals

the second year Diploma Course team defeated the first year Dips by a score of 6 to 3. This gave them the right to play the Sophs in the finals.

The final game between the second year Dips and the Sophs ended with the score of 7 to 4 for the Sophs. This victory gave the Sophomores the Hockey Cup for the Interclass Championship.



MEN'S HOCKEY TEAM

Indoor Inter Class League

The final standing of the teams, with the games won by each class and their total number of points.

	Basketball		Baseball		Points
	Won	Lost	Won	Lost	
Sophomores	6	0	5	1	22
Teachers	4	2	4	2	16
Freshmen	1	5	3	3	8
Juniors	4	2	0	6	8
Seniors	1	5	2	4	6
Diploma II	1	5	2	4	6
Diploma I	0	6	1	5	2

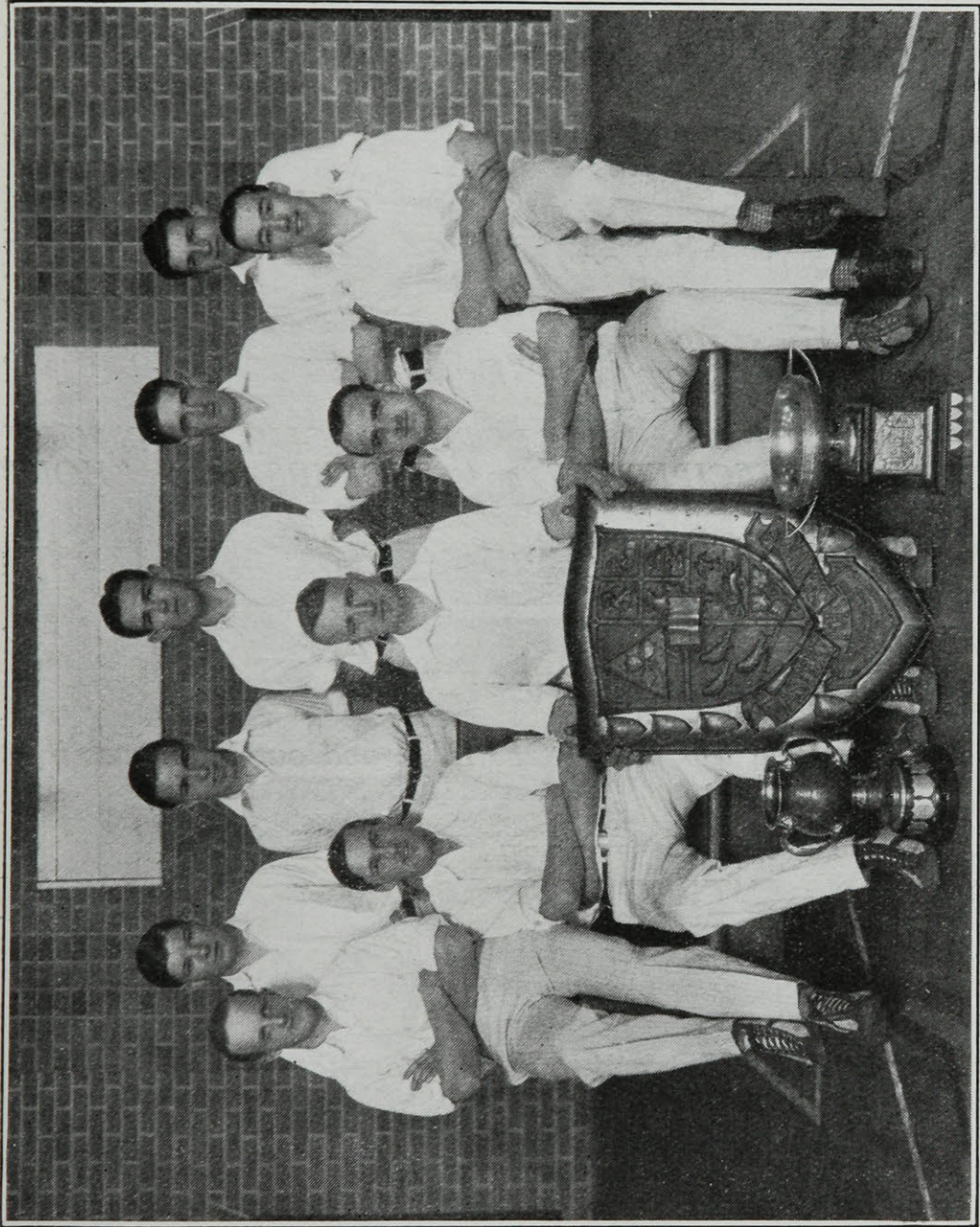
The Sophomores came out well at the head of the league and won the Inter-class Indoor Games Shield for the year.

Baseball

On March 17th the Staff Baseball Team overwhelmed the student team by a score of 41 to 14. The student team showed a decided lack of practice while the staff team played their steady usual game.



MEN'S BASEBALL TEAM



INTER-CLASS HOCKEY AND INDOOR CHAMPIONS

*Though we fail to mend our ways by praying
Or to qualify for heaven when we're old,
We may improve our crops by spraying
Or at least, so we've been told!*

*We were a class who yearned to learn
The Cause and cure of leaf TIP BURN,*

*Potato BLIGHT, both LATE and EARLY,
NET NECROSIS, and the DWARF that's CURLY,*

*To understand the when and why
Of how to kill the noxious fly*

*From an expert on Potato ROT
And the TUBER UNIT PLOT,*

*Who nobly did his best to try
And prevent his "Lab" from being "Dry,"*

*Supplying BERGUNDY and BORDEAUX. (FOUR-FOUR-FORTY),
FLOCCULANT PRECIPITATE, and STICKERS for the "HORTY"*

*Hot water also, (JENSEN'S brand),
Till we could scarcely sit or stand—*

*For earlier on we'd had our fill
Of CONIDIOPHORE and CHLOROPHYLL!*

*Hence our SPINDLE legs were ROLLING, and our brain was in a whirl
As we tried to book a dance with a MILD MOSAIC girl.*

*But staggering o'er a floor RUGOSE
We fell upon our ANTRAC NOSE.*

*So some of us were PARIS GREEN, some COPPER SULPHATE blue,
While others wore a YELLOW, or DISTINCTLY MOTTLED hue.*

*Expecting to be ROGUED, and to listen to our fate,
Embellished with some verbal, CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE!*

*But Lo!, as soon as the exams were near us,
Mac B. supplied us with a virus,*

*Enabling us to answer nearly all the questions "Pat."
So let us sing this song to our mutual "Congrat,"*

*And ask ourselves one final question.
Why is the farmer like the parson?*

*One threatens LIME and SULPHUR for the evil,
The other mixes poisons for the weevil,
And they both say, "LET US SPRAY."*

J. E. D.



INTER-CLASS DEBATING CHAMPIONS
THE SOPHOMORES

Wood Smoke

R.W.P.

The sun is setting in the west. Across the lake the dark shadows of the mountains reflect upon the deep, deep azure of the waters. The sky is painted with many hues of red, yellow and blue, the red has changed to pink and orange, the yellow is pale green and the blue to mauve. Canoes silhouetted against the sky are skimming silently over the tranquil surface of the lake.

Listen! one hears the distant sound of church bells calling numbers of people to worship during the stillness and calmness of twilight.

Near enough for the eye to distinguish, curling smoke is rising. One wonders why there should be smoke rising at that time in the evening. But hark! the sound of voices sweet and low, lifted to the beauty of nature around. Then one remembers the tale that was told of a number of girls who had been seen that day in the village. They had not been dressed in the usual costume of the inhabitants of that town but rather in the white middies and navy blue bloomers of camping girls.

One of the women, who was more curious than the rest, inquired of one of the girls as she was passing and was told that they had come there to spend a few weeks in a little camp along the shore.

Let us pretend that we can hide behind some of the trees around the camp and watch the girls as they sit around their camp fire. Nay, let us join the happy group and worship and revel with them in the beauty of the fire, in the ghostly shadows of the trees, in the occasional hoot! toot! of an owl and

watch the moon as it was slowly rising.

The great fire spirit of the forest must have touched the fire with her magic wand so that it would not blaze too high as usually happens when it has been built with dry leaves and branches. We watch the fire as it changes to sparks and forms a blue gray smoke which twists and curls its way to heaven.

Wonderful things happen as we gaze into the smoke and overchanging colours of the fire before us.

"The Angel of Twilight has a little silver key,

With which she opens every door that we close secretly.

We shut the door of memory and drape the ivy round

And vow the secret hidden there will never be found.

But in some dreamy evening hour the twilight angel nears

And in the hidden ivied door a memory appears

And then we know how vain it is, how useless are all schemes,

To close forever from our sight the little door of dreams."

And it is at this time as we crouch before the fire that these memories and dreams are most evident. We seem to see our memories drawn and painted in the glow and warmth of the great fire. We unconsciously recall the beautiful hours and days spent with our dearest friends alone. We dream and dream of the hours and days to be.

How wonderful, how appalling, how awe-inspiring that so many beautiful

and mighty thoughts arise from the mere presence of a wood fire and wood smoke into which we gaze with so much earnestness.

New resolutions, clearer ideals rise within us even as the gray blue smoke

rises to heaven. And even in the same way as the other smoke fades away in the bigness of the atmosphere around, so our resolutions, ideals and dreams fade and come to naught unless accompanied by earnest thought and prayer.

*“Did you ever watch the campfire
When the wood has fallen low
And the ashes start to whiten
Round the embers crimson glow,
With the night sounds all around you
Making silence doubly sweet;
And the full moon high above you,
That the spell may be complete?
Tell me, were you ever nearer
To the land of heart's desire,
Than the night you sat there thinking
With your feet before the fire?”*

“The Teachers”

(By Mrs. Francis Wilson, Teachers '17.)

*Thou art lean and old and ugly
And thy mortal eyes are dim,
Thy form has lost its fulness
And no fire burns within.
Thou art tired, old and ugly.
Thou art wrinkled, bony, cross,
And the brows that span thy forehead
In deep wrinkles thou hast lost.
Thou art crooked, crabbed and crumpled;
And the sweetness of thy heart,
Is long vanished with past gladness,
With joy it did depart.
Thou'rt an ancient shrine for memories.
Thou'rt a shriveled heap of bones,
Thou'rt a seasoned hardened sinner,
For whom no good work atones.
Yet when thou comest to Peter,
And ringest the immortal bell.
He'll say “Pass on, O Teacher,”
On Earth thou hadst thy HELL.*

COLLEGE-LIFE



The Correspondence of Clarence the Collegian

Mac. April 18th.

My dear Pam

I know its been up to me to write for the last three weeks, but some fool told me that Spring had arrived and of course you know what THAT includes. However, the joke's on me because I nearly got frozen the other night, but of course nowhere could I find the fool who sprung this Spring idea. Nevertheless, if one leaves the weather out of it altogether, the idea seems quite sound.

Can't quite remember what the last bit of news was that I told you, but I don't think I mentioned the colossal

feed that we were given on Founder's Day? I thoroughly enjoyed the whole celebration. This may be due to the fact that I met the girl for the first time on that day, but besides this exquisite pleasure we were all entertained a splendid fashion.

A magnificent turkey dinner was supplied to everybody, followed up with all sorts of other fascinating things to eat, these in turn being supplemented by several speeches. However, I regret that I was sitting right at the opposite end of the Hall, so I missed all the jokes. People giggled and applauded spasmodically — so I pre-

sume the speakers were quite funny.

A half-holiday was graciously granted to all the students, and in the evening we were entertained by a first-class group of Montreal Stars. I am lead to believe that all this was given to us through the kindness of Mr. Stewart, to whom I am sure, we were greatly indebted.

The Philharmonic Society's third and final concert was held not long ago, and drew quite a large audience. I happened to be present myself and although I left the Hall at the finish feeling all the better for what I had heard, I was, nevertheless, a trifle disappointed. But of course you know what I am when it comes to a question of music Pam, so I guess my remarks are a little one-sided. However, it might interest the selection committee to be reminded of the fact that the only items to be enthusiastically applauded were the Orchestral numbers "Sounds from England" by Langey and a selection from "The Mikado." We venture to suggest that a few more of such popular pieces might be played at the concerts in future and thereby ensuring satisfaction from the audience. The quality of the last programme was greatly augmented by some excellent piano work from Mrs. Goodwin and some stirring songs given by Dr. R. H. Angrove, baritone.

I wish you had been here for the Big Ice Carnival that was staged a month or so ago. Heavens Pam, you would have laughed at some of the sights that turned up. All sorts of people put on skates for about the first time in their sweet young lives and the rest of the bunch who couldn't find any skates were keen enough to look on. Miss Russell and Prof Quayle took the ice very gracefully, the latter of whom was kind enough to give away the prizes. We had all sorts of funny

rites during which everybody crashed into each other and fell about the rink in splendid form. Charlie Eaves looked as funny as they make them and won a prize on the strength of it.

Soon after this the Hockey and Basket Ball teams, plus a few enthusiastic supporters, took a trip to Sherbrooke for about 20 hours. We travelled like royalty since some one, who was very big-hearted, had very kindly placed a complete railway coach at our entire disposal. This was indeed greatly appreciated as we were able to make it G. H. Q. for both day and night. The whole trip was huge fun, the only blot on the landscape being that we lost all the games. However, we only played three, and since the basket ball and hockey games against Bishops were extremely hotly contested and resulted in wins for the home team by very narrow margins, we had no cause for despondency whatsoever.

The Sophs won the Robertson Debating Shield this year Pam, having successfully defeated the Freshmen and Seniors in a couple of very interesting debates. In fact the poor, dear and enthusiastic Sophs have just completed a most eventful year. They have won all sorts of cups, prizes, medals and ribbons and succeeded in literally covering themselves with glory in almost every sphere of College activity. But, alas, they got a trifle intoxicated with the "Flaming Youth" spirit and, consequently, came a mighty cropper. There is no need for me to tell you, Pam, what happened that night, because you simply must have heard all about it weeks ago. They tell me that news of the scandal reached Lachine exactly 30 minutes after the last Soph returned from the Girl's Residence—and that scandalized mothers in Toronto were to be heard discussing the welfare of their daughters over hot-

dogs and Honey Dew by 11 o'clock the next morning.

The poor boys had to pay dearly for their indiscretion and there has been much weeping and gnashing of teeth on both sides of the Campus for the past few weeks.

We were wonderfully entertained some nights ago by the performing of two plays, "Pierre" and "A Point of View," put on by the Lit. In both pieces the acting was very creditable and the audience had its attention gripped throughout. Considering the miserable possibilities that the Assembly Hall stage presents for any scope in the line of really efficient scenery, we feel compelled to give the Stage Manager a word of praise on account of his very successful efforts in that respect. Unfortunately a light fused during the interval plunging everybody into darkness. The fusing caused a minute portion of the scenery to catch fire, and although immediately extinguished, a certain number of the audience became panicky. One shudders to think of the appalling pandemonium that might occur in the event of a real fire breaking out.

A most successful Swimming Meet was held in the Men's tank some time ago. Dip. 2 produced some excellent talent, but Fitzpatrick pulled off his usual lightning stuff and won the Individual cup for the third consecutive year.

Shortly after this we had a Smoker in the Gym, which consisted of some very entertaining fencing and boxing bouts, intermingled with music and songs of all descriptions. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, finishing up with sandwiches and drinks and a speech from the Dean.

The entire Student body has been called upon to meet several times lately in order to deal with a matter that

seemed to savour of Red Hot Communism. At least, that is the way the matter presented itself to some of us. One of our very excellent societies came to the unpleasant conclusion that they were always short of money, so they very logically suggested that they should be allotted a larger annual income. This increase, however, was to be effected by the wholesale robbery of ecclesiastical funds, but the Archbishop and the Deacon promptly objected and suggested a half and half split. You might imagine, Pam, that it wouldn't be such a stupendous task to decide exactly what the student body wanted to do in the matter, but believe me when I tell you that it took precisely three meetings and three votings before a definite decision was arrived at. We heard lots of eloquence for and against both sides, but now and again people began to lose their tempers and said very naughty things. The President was in the chair on every occasion and had quite an entertaining job keeping track of the hundred and one amendments that were invariably put forward every time anybody proposed a motion.

The Diploma Course boys have now left us (in peace) and a new bunch have just arrived from England. To both lots we wish the best of luck.

The Formal on March 30th just about finished the year's social events, and I think everybody had a great time. The Decorations were in yellow and mauve, and although a bit brief were nevertheless very pretty.

Vic Dawson succeeded in securing the services of a Super-Orchestra which played remarkably well. Dean Laird was much in evidence and I think he must have been enjoying himself one whole lot, because he allowed us to prolong the dance till 1.30 a. m. We appreciated this action very much since

the dance was late in starting, and the extra half-hour seemed to make all the difference. Among other things that pleased us was the temperature of the coffee that was served during the supper. This was an improvement that was well worth while.

The Lit. put on a tea the other Sunday in the Girl's reception room, at which the society entertained all those who had helped them during the past season. Ted Bynoe started things off with an appropriate speech, which was followed up by some valuable suggestions from Dr. Brunt. Prof. Quayle was taken a little unawares but he seemed to agree with what the other two speakers had already said. Somebody then called Roy an elusive pimp-ernal, after which we all began to eat; and there certainly was plenty to get on the outside of. I think the sugar was the only thing we ran short of, but I knew that would be the case directly I saw Helen.

A public speaking contest was held on March 31st, and quite a reasonable number of entries were received. This was distinctly encouraging after the dismal failure of the same contest last year. Madeleine Hawkes told us very sweetly what we should do and what we shouldn't do if we were ever to go traveling in France, and Bishop asked us not to be too hard on the Spiritualists. Both speakers received first prizes.

Dip. 2 had an enormous farewell dinner at Wright's before they left, but not content with this they proceeded to amuse themselves by annoying other people. One of the Big Men round the campus got an overdose of rotten eggs, and somebody else got his house plastered with advertisements from a down-town theatre. Though tinged with a certain amount of humour, one

feels that such behaviour is hardly correct.

The Science-Teachers debate was well worth attending this year, though mainly on account of the remarkably fine speech delivered by Hazel Goodwin. This was certainly the outstanding item that night; but as soon as she had finished we were once again provided with rather a catty entertainment, the underlying idea of which seemed to be, "I'm Science and you're a Teacher, Boo, I hate you." I guess you attended several of these debates while you were here, Pam, so you will know exactly what I mean.

And then, on April 4th, we had a great debate against Simmins University, Texas. An inter-college debate is quite a new innovation to us here, and we hope that this has been the first of something that will be continued in the years to come. Our friends from across the boarder were, indeed, very polished speakers, and although Vic Dawson and Arthur Hicks spoke remarkably well, the honours of the evening fell to the visitors. I understand that the Texas team has been touring the continent and has won nearly every debate during that time, so that we feel proud to realize that the decision at Mac was a very close one. Everybody went down to Wright's afterwards, where we did our best to amuse our American cousins. I said "Everybody," but I believe that is incorrect. Somehow or other the President of the Students' Council was conspicuous by his absence, and nobody seemed to know where on earth he was. However, I believe that there will be ONE person who knows where he went, which reminds me that I forgot to ask her when I saw her last night.

The Sophs and Freshmen have packed up and gone, and there is a general

feeling that the year is sort of played out now. There are, of course, exams for those of us who like to stay on for them, but I'm not very keen myself.

And I think that about exhausts all

the news round this place.

Hoping you are as fit as ever,

Yours etc.,

Clarence.



Answers to Correspondents

Vox Inhumana.

Yes, Vox, it is very tiring to be obliged to listen to those tiresome debates. Why not take a concertina and entertain those who are sitting in your vicinity. I must strongly disagree with your suggestion that you stay away—don't think of such a thing.

Antiquary.

We have authority for the belief that there were showers in the Men's Residence as recently as the seventh century A. D. Since that time they have figured in romance, but without, unfortunately, a drop of evidence.

Mee.

No, Mee, the one you refer to is not a co-educational college. The two sexes are permitted to approach one another only on the rarest occasions and for

the briefest periods. What is it? I cannot say.

Yew.

I was interested in your letter, Yew, and spent a week watching the building you mention. I noticed two or three girls leave it every day, and on Sunday one or two of them were even accompanied by men. So it is evidently not a penitentiary for women. I will pursue my enquiries as to the nature of the institution.

Hetty B.

Give him up Hetty. A man who eats garlic is no fit mate for a girl like you. I am keeping the photograph you sent me, as I have mislaid your address. If you will call at this office some day, I shall be happy to give you all possible attention.

Agricultural Alumni

A. Savage, '11, Animal Pathologist, Manitoba Agricultural College, is on leave which he is spending studying in Europe.

E. McGreer '22, and W. Armitage '23, are now with the Ralston Purina Company of Canada.

E. K. Williams '23, who had been with the Borden's Farm Products Company, Limited for some time, is now on a Poultry Farm near Montreal.

F. H. Williamson '15, who is with the James Manufacturing Company, was at Macdonald in the winter looking after the installation of equipment from his firm in the Poultry Department.

A. W. Peterson '21, has been transferred from the Charlottetown to the Moncton office of the Live Stock Branch.

J. S. Dash '13, is now Director of Agriculture in British Guiana. He is located in Georgetown, British Guiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Baird, '12, spent a few days in April as guests of Dean and Mrs. Barton.

Information has reached us that C. F. Coffin '14, is now in Florida, his address being Route A, Green Cove Springs, Fla.

E. Rhoades, '12, is with the Publica-

tions Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. He has been in his present position since completing his work as Secretary for the World's Poultry Congress which was held in Ottawa last year.

S. Walford, '26, writes us that he is very busy on two jobs, one, that of R. O. P. work in Indiana, and the other the maintaining, both mechanically and financially, a used car. He is with the Poultry Department of Purdue University at Lafayette. He sends news of W. Tully, '25, who also is at Purdue doing graduate work and making a special study of the calcium phosphorus ratio in chick feeding. No mention is made of Tully's saxophone.

We have received the announcement of the engagement of Miss Bertha Coates, B. H. S. '27, to Richard Cooper '26. Cooper has been taking post-graduate work in the Department of Botany, Toronto University, since 1926.

H. S. Cunningham, '17, has received an appointment as Plant Pathologist on the Experimental Station situated at Paget East, Bermuda. Cunningham reports for duty in the latter part of June after completing his graduate studies at Cornell University.



Science Alumnae

B. H. S.

Jean McCrimmon '25 has recently resigned her position with the Childs Company to join the staff of the Georgian Tea Room, the T. Eaton Company, Toronto.

Jean Reynier '23, who has been for some years on the staff of the Boston Dispensary, returned to her home in Montreal in March in order to prepare for her marriage which is to take place shortly.

Muriel Moffatt '25 who is on the Household Science teaching staff of Vancouver, is enjoying a year's leave of absence and has been spending the past winter in California.

Institution Administration

Anna McInnes '23 has accepted a position at the Garfield Memorial

Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Marion Taylor '27 who has recently completed a pupil dietitian course at the Vancouver General Hospital, has been appointed dietitian at St. Joseph's hospital, Aberdeen, Wash.

Lesley Bryant '25 who has been for sometime with the Childs Company has spent the winter at their branch in Atlanta, Ga.

Bessie Beach '27, after completing six months as a pupil dietitian with the Stamford Hospital, Stamford, Mass., has been appointed to the staff of the Corey Hill Hospital, Brooklin, Mass.

Jessie Naismith '21, head dietitian at the Ottawa Civic Hospital, visited the college on April 13th on her way through from Montreal where she had been visiting the different hospitals.

For the Freshman

*Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the unlearned
Nor standeth in the way of the Professors,
Nor sitteth not in the back seat of the class room,
But his delight is in the laws of old Newton,
And on his laws doth he meditate day and midnight,
And he shall be like a grind with his feet in hot water
That bringeth forth good marks in an examination,
Whose allowance doth not wither,
And whatsoever he propoundeth shall be recorded for ever.
The learned are not so,
But are like the sheep which are summoned to the slaughter,
Therefore the unlearned shall not stand in the examinations,
Nor shirkers in the throng of Olympus
For the Dean knoweth the way of the delinquents,
But the way of the studious continues forever.*

Exchange

Faculty Items

Professors Summerby, Raymond, Lods and Dr. McTaggart attended the Provincial Seed Fair held at Ste. Hyacinthe, Que., March 27 to 29th.

The Chemistry Department has received from the National Research Council a grant towards investigations on maple products. Under this grant Mr. Lev. Skazin has been engaged as Assistant. Mr. Skazin is a native of Russia and a graduate in Agriculture of the Czech University of Prague, having taken this course with the intention of settling in Canada.

On April 19th Dr. Snell gave an illustrated lecture on the Maple Sugar

Industry to the Ottawa Section of the Society of Chemical Industry.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Baird, the latter formerly Miss A. E. Hill, head of the School of Household Science, were recent visitors at the home of Dean and Mrs. Barton and received a very warm welcome from old friends.

Miss McCain of the Household Science Extension Staff, had an interesting trip to Rouyn in Northern Quebec the week of April 2nd. The trip was made in response to a request from the women of the town for a Women's Institute, and resulted in a branch being formed with a very encouraging enrolment.

How I Handle Sophomores

As told by Professor Goofersnaffle To Mr. Hodgins

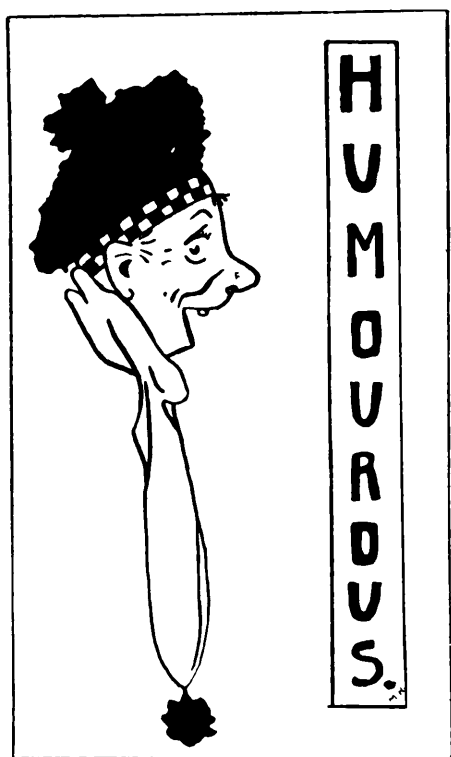
There are plenty of people who, when they've been dished themselves, enjoy nothing so much as the sight of other unsuspecting souls being similarly diddled.

I'm not a bit like that.

When a Freshman in front of me throws down a banana peel and I slip on it, I do not merely pick myself up and go on my way (as too many would do) leaving the peel to ensnare the feet of other unwary pedestrians. I scoop up what I can of the unsavoury mess and plaster it over the counten-

nance of the monkey that dropped it.

When a bunch of Sophomores call my attention to an eclipse of the sun just as I am passing over a slippery place on the sidewalk, I do not take my place beside them, when I have recovered, to observe the discomfiture of other innocent members of the faculty (as is the all-too-usual custom). Instead, I secure a pick axe and hack away the treacherous ice for the safeguarding of following feet. And when I've done this, I fall upon the Sophomores with my homely weapon and utterly destroy them.



Mic to Mac: You're the biggest ass I ever saw!

Prof: Silence! Silence! You seem to forget that I'm in the room!

He (at a dance): Shall we sit here and talk?

She: No thanks. Let's dance, I'm tired.

Tactful Partner: Let's sit this out. There isn't room to swing a cat!

"Don't you know when you've had enough?"

"When I've had enough I don't know anything."

Impatient Music Instructor: Haven't you got "doh" yet?

Bright student: No, I'm broke.

Teacher: (Teaching the use of capitals in proper nouns, gives an example). Captain Cooke. Now class give some examples.

1st Pupil: Colonel Lindbergh.

2nd ditto: Captain Ginn.

3rd also: General Hospital.

Ted: Did you take a bath last night, Ownie?

Ownie: Why, is there one missing?

TOPICS OF THE DAY

A note to students—

If you wish to keep up the high standard of stew on Thursdays, please remember to leave something on your plates on Wednesdays.

"WE WONDER"

Who is the girl who has a nervous boy friend?

Which student, at a recent baseball game, said: "Twasn't the post sir!"

Which girl fortells the good weather by her face?

Who thinks a certain postgrad, is "just it."

What student will not have anyone stamp on his toes but can endure the whole weight on his knees?

Who was on the "wild goose chase" on Isle Perrot? April 14th, 6 a. m.

Which student hates to part with his scarf?

Who has the nickname, and what does it say when it's spelled backwards?

Who had a fight with the janitor's closet?

Who is "gooey;" and if he's as "sticky" as his name?

What circulars were distributed through the mail recently, and why, and what's Mac coming to?

Which sophomore went on his knees to ask a fair maid for a dance?

REPORT ON TABLE NO. 1

The members of this association have perfected a system which has become famous for its number of refills. The director of internal affairs, who sits at the head of the table, is quite proficient in putting things before the House in spite of the polite remarks from dis-

satisfied "grafters." Mr. Hill also aids in the distribution of propaganda. He comes from Valleyfield and we understand that he knows the ropes quite well. Our friend Edward is not familiar with the mode of distributing bread or other various articles and often becomes annoyed. On the other hand "Rex" is quite interested in the system and invariably succeeds in getting a rebound. John is very punctual at his meals and he sometimes engages in heated arguments during the meal hour. Needless to say these hot dinners are much enjoyed by all. Pratt is always late but he has faith in himself and on several occasions has been found guilty of stealing his neighbour's butter. George and Gordon usually discuss the fruit situation from various angles. It appears that their heated arguments are based on the theory of supply and demand. Mr. Taylor from Waterloo, is something of a soldier. His shrill commands always bring home the bacon. He is very fond of meat but is rather undecided in his methods of attack. The pie problem created quite a disturbance but it has been remedied by a well defined ruling base on a chalk graph. Now that the various codes and signals are known it is hoped that the House will not be dissolved before the expiration of the term.

PRIZE "HOWLERS"

Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from York to London.

Polonius was a mythical sausage.

The masculine of "Vixen" is vicar.

Henry VIII was very cruel to Ann Boleyn and ironed her. (The text book says, "He pressed his suit on her")

In the eighteenth century travelling was very romantic:—most of the high-roads were only bridal paths.

A fissure is a man who sells fish.

The Immortal William is a name applied to the German Emperor.

Average means something that hens lay their eggs on.

Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

The mechanical advantage of a long pump-handle is that you can have someone to help you pump.

Artificial perspiration is what you make a person alive with when they are only just dead.

A parallelepiped is an animal with parallel legs.

A phlegmatic person is one who has chronic Bronchitis.

A line in geometry is what you draw and don't see.

An hypotenuse is the thing someone saw when he had a bath and he yelled "I've found it."

Transparent means something you can see through — for instance, a key-hole.

Gravity tells us why an apple does not go to heaven.

A trade union is a place to which a workman goes when he gets the sack.

The chief duties of an M.P. are to go to sleep when another man is speaking, and force his party into power.

G. B. Shaw is the captain of the London Fire Brigade.

A street is a road that has a very good class of people in it.

Ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't want to.

The Greenwich Meridian is the largest telescope in Greenwich Observatory.

A Welsher is a native of Wales.

The sun never sets on the British Empire because the British Empire is in the east and the sun sets in the west.

The Minister of War is the clergyman who preaches to the soldiers in the barracks.

MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

A passive verb is when the subject is the sufferer, as "I am loved."

A blizzard is the inside of a duck.

Alfred the Great started a Chronicle and this still exists as a morning newspaper.

Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his merry wives.

The King wore a scarlet robe trimmed with vermin.

The whole world except the United States lies in the temperance zone.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.

Which unfortunate student has fits?
Who knows all about "wrecks?"

Which senior said that if a certain hen laid 155 eggs a year instead of 152 that it was laying three more eggs per year than there were days in the year?

Dear Professor,

I am writing this letter in order to tell you what I think of the grades you gave me and to express my heartiest appreciation of you. Any person who would give me such an array of marks as those I received from you is wonderful, and the man who criticizes the ones that you gave me is a damned old fool through and through. I know well to what small extent my work warranted high grades. I do not think that I was entirely deserving of A's in all my subjects, but I find to my great surprise that nothing was ever further than the truth than that you helped to cause my undoing and to flunk me out of college. Accept my heartiest thanks for helping me so much in all of my work. I do not think that I am standing alone and separate in wishing you happiness. I am sure my feeling is shared even by those who have had the worst possible luck.

Of course, this is my personal opinion, but I think it is true. In fact, I think that if we all knew that you were to die tomorrow the general feeling of grief in all hearts would be so great that the whole college, including undergrads, faculty and myself, would get a terrible let-down and not even the worst drunkards would want to get together for a great celebration. I firmly believe that any man who is not, like you, generous, loving, impartial, firm, and always just, can thus secure the everlasting, never dying enmity of his students easily. He who does not live up to these principles which have led you must be without a particle of doubt deserving of all and any slams which any student expresses, and must have fully earned all criticisms that may be aimed at him.

I will close, thanking you from the very bottom of my heart. The thing which precludes completely anything I could do to add to your happiness is the love of your friends. My only prophecy for your future is that you will very probably be carefully and thoroughly engraved in the memory of all. If I am wrong, I'll be willing to be hanged, drawn, and quartered by some loving friend like myself,

Yours very truly,

A Student

P. S. Now, you imbecile, read it, skipping every other line, and see how it sounds.—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.*